

# The Academy

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## The Literary Week.

MR. KIPLING, we are glad to say, continues to improve in health; but his eldest child, Josephine, who was also struck down by pneumonia, died on Monday. Owing partly to the necessity for keeping this calamity from Mr. Kipling during his present state, and also from other reasons, Mrs. Kipling felt constrained to request that the papers would refrain from treating her little girl's death as a public matter, and they have unanimously complied with the wish. As Mrs. Kipling put it, her husband was the property of English-speaking races, but her daughter was hers alone.

In thinking of the death of this gifted child, whom friends of the family unite in describing as one possessed of extraordinary charm and character, some lines of Stevenson's have continually recurred to us. With a slight modification they are sadly applicable:

Yet, O stricken hearts, remember, O remember  
How of human days she lived the better part.  
April came to bloom and never dim December  
Breathed its killing chills upon the head or heart.

Doomed to know not Winter, only Spring, a being  
Trod the flowery April blithely for a while,  
Took her fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,  
Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile.

Came and stayed and went, and now when all is finished  
You alone have crossed the melancholy stream;  
Yours the pang, but she, O she, the undiminished,  
Undecaying gladness, undeparted dream.

All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason,  
Shame, dishonour, death, to her were but a name.  
Here, a child, she dwelt through all the singing season,  
And ere the day of sorrow departed as she came.

THE German Emperor's telegram to Mrs. Kipling expressing sympathy for her and her husband has led the German press into a strange error. With few exceptions, the papers consider Mr. Kipling to be an American.

It is left for the committee of the William Black Memorial Fund to decide upon the exact form the memorial shall take. The proposition of the founder of the scheme, Lord Archibald Campbell, was, as our readers know, to place a lifeboat somewhere in the Hebrides or on the west coast of Scotland. But possibly an alternative project may be suggested. At the present moment two officials of the Northern Lights Commissioners are inquiring into the matter. Meanwhile subscriptions may be

sent to Messrs. Coutts, 59, Strand, the Editor of the *Oban Times*, or to the Editor of this paper.

THE "boom" in Mr. Charles M. Sheldon's religious stories is real. It succeeds the boom in *The Three Musketeers*. The London booksellers display seven of these novels—if we are to call them such—viz., *In His Steps*, *Robert Hardy's Seven Days*, *The Twentieth Door*, *Malcolm Kirk*, *Richard Bruce*, *The Crucifixion of Philip Strong*, and *His Brother's Keeper*. Five or six weeks ago nothing was known of Mr. Sheldon or his books. Then Mr. Allenson, of Paternoster Row, published *In His Steps*. Many booksellers passed the work by until it began to be asked for. It was like the letting out of water; day after day the mysterious demand grew.

"WHAT is the meaning of it all?" was the question of an ACADEMY representative to a large London bookseller. The bookseller smiled; he seemed amused and cheerful. "Well," he said, "these books will sell enormously; they have reached the chapel-going public and touched them aright, and—well, we are ordering five hundred at a time. These books will be read aloud at mothers' meetings; they will lie on the tables of Y.M.C.A.'s and Y.W.C.A.'s; sermons will be preached on them; and all the provinces will have to be satisfied—Burslem, Cardiff, South Shields. No; I don't suppose the publishers' profits are remarkable. You see, it is like a new brand of marmalade or breakfast oats—the name is in the air, and what one grocer keeps another must keep in self-defence. Thus it is with such books."

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "The success which has attended the publication of the Rev. C. M. Sheldon's work, *In His Steps*, must assuredly swell the coffers of its many publishers, and especially those whose sales are not affected by the royalties which the author is, at least, morally entitled to. It is generally from this side of the Atlantic that the complaint of publishing piracy is heard, so that I anxiously await the verdict of our American cousins on the many editions of the work named above. Such complaint, if any, would not be without precedent."

THE *Daily Telegraph's* evening edition, to which we alluded last week, is for the time being in the background. The new paper which is receiving immediate attention at Peterborough-court is the *Sunday Daily Telegraph*, the first number of which is due shortly. A serial story by Miss Braddon will be among its attractions.

DR. BOYD—or "A. K. H. B.," as he was known to most of his readers—had not of late the following which was his in the fifties, sixties, and seventies. Then his initials were as familiar to this generation as are those of "R. L. S." *The Recreations of a Country Parson* (1859) established a reputation for good stories and genial criticism of life which Dr. Boyd maintained to the end. Most of the magazines borrowed amusement from his pen, and from time to time the essays were collected. They were not too well written, but the matter was copious and sound and always entertaining. Dr. Boyd may be said to have carried on, to some extent, Dean Ramsay's work.

DR. BOYD was for two years a member of the Committee appointed by the three Scotch Presbyterian Churches to compile a new hymn-book. *The Church Hymnary*, issued last year, was the result of their joint labours. In one of Dr. Boyd's last letters to the Press he criticised in characteristic fashion some of the textual emendations of the Committee. "In the hearty hymn, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name!' a comma is stupidly stuck in," he wrote, "after the hail. But that is little, though symptomatic. The second verse, best known of all, 'Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,' is cut out. And in verse three, 'Extol the stem of Jesse's rod' is changed to the unmeaning 'Extol Him in whose path ye trod.' This is unpardonable." "One asks," he went on, "seeing what is in, did anyone propose Walter Smith's 'O'er land and sea love follows with fond prayer'?" It is very beautiful and very brave." Dr. Boyd concluded his letter with a poem, of which we append the first stanza, "which is too unconventional," he wrote, "for any hymnal, and the language what some call *Amurrikan*. But its spirit is essential Christianity and its literary merit high above half the pieces in the joint hymnal."

When you see a man in woe,  
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"  
Say "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do?"  
"How's the world a-usin' you?"  
Slap the fellow on the back,  
Bring yer han' down with a whack;  
Waltz right up, an' don't go slow,  
Grin an' shake an' say "Hullo."

In one of his later books "A. K. H. B.," by the way, alluded to Dr. Horatius Bonar as "the sweetest of all living lyric poets."

"BENJAMIN SWIFT'S" new novel, *Siren City*, is due in the spring. We have already said something of its motive, the conflict between puritanism and paganism. *Siren City* is the name given by the novelist to Naples, where many of the incidents have place. Meanwhile Mr. Swift is writing a history of Italy in the Middle Ages, in which Machiavelli and Savonarola will figure.

For the advertisement of the new issue of their *Popular Educator* Messrs. Cassell & Co. have issued a new poster. Everyone will remember the old one—the "Seven Ages of Man"—wherein the observer was called upon to witness

the alternative careers for the innocent child as he happened to come under or to escape the influence of the *Popular Educator*. Once fairly started with a copy of that work his progress through respectable youth, honourable middle age, and blameless senility was assured. Without it, he passed to fraud, excess, and hoary turpitude. In the new



picture, of which we give a small reproduction, the same idea is maintained, but with less crudity. It is necessary, however, to be somewhat crude on the hoardings. The new issue of the *Popular Educator* will be complete in eight fortnightly volumes.

ANOTHER great misconception has been set right. It has been stated that Mr. Joseph Conrad makes the first draft of his stories in a weird language compounded of Yiddish and other ingredients, and then translates it into English. Mr. Conrad does nothing of the kind; nor does he wear three hats.

WE quote from a Boston paper the advertisement of a leading publishing firm as a specimen of the enterprise displayed across the Atlantic in "pushing" a new book:

Milwaukee vs. Boston  
As a Literary Center.

A bookseller out in Milwaukee has sold about 125 copies of —, the first book of Mr. — (whom the critics here and in England point out as a writer the literary world will hear much of before long). Had the book been as much appreciated elsewhere it would be alongside of Kipling's *The Day's Work* as one of the "best selling books" of 1898, instead of being only in its seventh thousand. But in Boston — has not sold at all, though the Boston newspapers, like all the others, have expressed most cordial appreciation of its unusual human interest and dramatic force. We'd like to restore the equilibrium somewhat in this matter, and we know the book can make its own way if people who care for literature will only examine it. We will send any reader of this paper a copy, postpaid, "on approval." After looking it over at your leisure, you can send us either \$1.25 or the book. It's a novel on which any publisher would be justified in staking his reputation.

The author of the book in question can hardly complain that his publishers are neglecting his interests.

AMERICA, as we have stated, has taken to *Cyrano de Bergerac* with extraordinary affection. Not only are thousands of copies sold, but a toy on "Aunt Sally" lines, with the swollen nose of the gallant *Cyrano* for particular target, is also immensely popular.

THE experiences of authors and other brain workers who work far into the night on a regimen of strong coffee can be curious. Wilkie Collins tells how he persevered at this wicked practice until one night he met himself and deemed it time to turn over a new leaf. Mrs. W. K. Clifford has been telling an interviewer that when she sits up her prevailing fear is burglars. One day she was relating the circumstance to Huxley, who replied: "When I am working at night I not only hear burglars moving about, but I actually see them looking through the crack of the door at me!"

MR. HEINEMANN has just added two more volumes—*The Weavers* and *Lonely Lives*—to his edition of the plays of Gerhart Hauptmann. We reproduce the dedication of *The Weavers*:

I DEDICATE THIS DRAMA  
TO MY FATHER,  
ROBERT HAUPTMANN.

You, dear Father, know what feelings lead me to dedicate this work to you, and I am not called upon to analyse them here.

Your stories of my grandfather, who in his young days sat at the loom, a poor weaver like those here depicted, contained the germ of my drama. Whether it possesses the vigour of life, or is rotten at the core, it is the best "so poor a man as Hamlet is" can offer.—Yours,

GERHART.

Both plays have been translated from Hauptmann's German by Miss (or Mrs.) Mary Morison.

PIERRE LOTI's protest against his superannuation (as Lieut. Viaud) from the French Navy has been successful, and he returns to active service. One result is that he will have to abandon for the present his projected journey through Persia and Afghanistan. The book upon which he is now working is an account of Easter Island in the Pacific.

FRANCE is a country of statues, and yet, in spite of the national pride in Victor Hugo, not a single statue of him has yet been erected. At Besançon, his native town, a statue committee was formed in 1885, but only £800 has been raised for the purpose in all these fourteen years. A sculptor is, however, now at work, and probably the memorial may be ready in two years time. But the delay is very odd.

THE French paper *Les Annales* has been making a list of the words which French polite Society has recently borrowed from this country. Here are a few:

Sport	Rush	Mail-coaches	Toast
Trainers	Starter	Toilet-club	Speech
Jockeys	Winning-post	Lavatory	Fast
Turf	Pedigree	Tickets	Swell
Ring	Winner	Meeting	Five o'clock
Bookmakers	Stud-book	Take tea	Leading articles
Plungers	Pull-up	Smoking	Reporters
Thoroughbred	Tramways	Baby	Home
Broken down	Victorias	Boy	Nursery
Dead heat	Cabs	Groom	Select

THE following story of R. L. Stevenson has been told before, but it is worth repeating. It occurs in an article

on Dr. Murray's dictionary in *Good Words*, and is apropos of the vigilance of the staff. Stevenson was applied to for the meaning and origin of the word "brean" in one of his tales. To which the romancer replied that he had not read the proofs of the book, and "brean" was merely a misprint for "ocean."

THE humorous compositor is very noticeable in two of the March magazines. In the *Pall Mall Magazine* he makes Mr. Quiller Couch refer to the child poems of "Mr. William Cannot," meaning Mr. William Canton; and in the *Bookman* he entitles an article on Mr. William Watson "Mr. Watson's Collected Pomes."

IN *Truth* for this week will be found a selection of replies sent for a prize competition, wherein readers were asked to treat the preparation of well-known books somewhat as Mrs. Beeton treats the preparation of dishes. We give a few specimen recipes: *The Open Question*—

SOLES "À LA QUESTION OUVERTE."

Take a pair of young souls, and carefully skin.  
Dissect them, examine without and within;  
Preserve all the essences selfish and vain,  
Add a dash of heredity, passion and pain;  
Mix well with depressions of divers degree,  
And flavour with Ibsen and *felo-de-se*;  
Dish up with a garnish of turquoise and lace,  
Then serve in a boat, and push out into space.

*Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, by Miss E. T. Fowler—

CARNABY CREAM.

Take a Methodist family, charming and wise,  
That looks upon life with the kindest eyes,  
Add men of the world, clever women as well,  
And Love, the great teacher who trained Isabel;  
With original thoughts in apt phrases and fit,  
Mix repartee, epigram, genuine wit;  
Let humour and "gentlehood" flavour the whole,  
Then daintily serve in a clear crystal bowl.

*With Kitchener to Khartum*, by Mr. G. W. Steevens—

ENTRÉE KHARTUM À LA STEEVENS.

Have ready a Kitchener, first-rate and complete,  
Take a great deal of sand and a little tinned meat,  
New fellaheen grit and fine old British pluck,  
Sufficient of foresight and a slice of good luck;  
Stir up with a rail, and mix well with Nile water,  
Season with blood and with Maxim guns' slaughter,  
Frizzle it all in a tropical heat,  
And serve the B. P. in a halfpenny sheet.

*The Castle Inn*, by Mr. Stanley Weyman—

Take a tutor, some youths, and a bold baronet,  
Mix them all with *haut ton* and with many a bet;  
Add a vulgar grande dame and a maid with eyes bright;  
Then do them all brown, in a carriage, at night.  
Serve hot, with a statesman, a lawyer, and proctor,  
And to aid your digestion pray send for Pitt's doctor.

*The Christian*, by Mr. Hall Caine—

QUAYLE À LA CAINE.

Take a Storm in a tea-cup and flavour with Manx,  
With some bad upper ten and some clerical cranks;  
Add the Derby, some Scripture, the first at St. Paul's,  
And serve it up hot, with some spice from the Halls.

## Bibliographical.

THE next two volumes of the "Bibelot" series started by Messrs. Gay & Bird will, I gather, be made up of selections from the verse of Herrick and the prose of Leigh Hunt. What a pity it is that the editors of classics for the people do not go farther afield for their material! The late Mr. F. T. Palgrave turned out a selection from Herrick which holds the field. Leigh Hunt's prose is even more accessible. His *Men, Women, and Books*, his *Imagination and Fancy*, and his *Wit and Humour* are still in the market in a neat and handy form. Moreover, Mr. Arthur Symonds edited a selection from Hunt's essays in 1887, and Mr. R. Brimley Johnson did the same thing the year after. Now, a reprint of *The Religion of the Heart* or of *Sir Ralph Esher* would be of real interest at the present time. How many, think you, have read those works? To how many are even the titles thereof known? By the way, those students who want to make themselves acquainted with the products of Leigh Hunt could not do better than begin with the book called *Leigh Hunt as Poet and Essayist*, edited by Mr. Charles Kent just ten years ago. In this we have a large percentage of Hunt's "choicest passages."

The notices and "appreciations" of A. K. H. B. have been rather scanty and perfunctory; and for an excellent reason—there was practically nothing to say that the genial cleric had not already said more than once. There never was a more autobiographical person than A. K. H. Boyd. He was for ever taking the public into his confidence—not only in his avowed Recollections (*Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews*, and so forth), but, virtually, in all discourses of his which were not sermons. Even into his sermons did the Ego creep. The *Recreations of a Country Parson* are just forty years old. Since then A. K. H. B. has skilfully rung the changes on that theme. *Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson*, *Autumn Holidays of a Country Parson*, *Critical Essays of a Country Parson*—these came in rapid succession. Having once got the ear of the reading public, A. K. H. B. never lost hold of it. Note the cleverness of the titles he gave to his books—so many of them chosen, it would almost appear, in order to persuade the public that the Country Parson was an English, and not a Scottish, clergyman.

Within the last week or two there has been much thumbing, we may be sure, both in England and in America, of the extant works of Rudyard Kipling. Many biographies have been written for the daily press, and, happily, have not been published. Meanwhile, young as Mr. Kipling is, one would like his writings to be the subject of a bibliography. I remember making his acquaintance first of all in an edition (the third, I think) of his *Departmental Ditties*, accessible in England in 1888. In the same year came *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and the astonishing succession of booklets in paper covers, entitled *Soldiers Three*, *The Phantom Rickshaw*, *Under the Deodars*, and so forth. These, I take it, were the first forms in which Mr. Kipling's short stories originally figured in these islands—under the auspices of Anglo-Indian firms. It was really not till 1890 that Mr. Kipling came directly and deliberately before the English public

with *The Light that Failed*. Then we had *Life's Handicap*, and *Barrack-Room Ballads*, and *Many Inventions*, and so on.

What a pity it is that the brother of James Smith, of *Rejected Addresses* fame, has always been known as "Horace"! As a matter of fact his baptismal name was "Horatio," and I think I am right in saying that he always styled himself so. Now it so happens that there is a worthy police magistrate, baptised (I take for granted) Horace Smith, and, like the elder Horace, a dabbler in rhyme and rhythm. This gentleman, our contemporary, has published *Pilate's Wife's Dream, and other Poems* (1860), and two volumes of *Poems* (1889 and 1897), and *Interludes* (of, I believe, prose as well as verse) (1892-4). How hard upon him that he should be mistaken at any time for one of the authors of *Rejected Addresses*, the more especially as he is really entitled to sign himself "Horace" and his predecessor wasn't. Let us try to think of the joint author of *Rejected Addresses* as Horatio Smith.

The Elizabethan Stage Society is going to give a representation of Mr. Swinburne's *Lochner*. Well, that play, albeit in five acts, will not greatly tax the Society's resources, for there are in it only seven interlocutors, and, the locale being Ancient Britain, the Society should not be largely worried about scenery or costumes. Nevertheless, how will the play be mounted? In the Elizabethan fashion, I suppose; or else what has the Elizabethan Stage Society to do with it? The dialogue, you will remember, is in rhymed couplets—somewhat of a novelty, I fancy, for Mr. Poel's youthful and engaging amateurs.

Commenting upon the fact (or the rumour) that Mr. Andrew Lang is writing an "introduction" to *The Three Musketeers*, a brother gossip remarks that Mr. Lang is "one of the best Dumasians in the land, as the epistle to Alexander in his *Letters to Dead Authors* helps to prove." An even more striking testimony to Mr. Lang's fondness for Dumas is to be found in his book called *Essays in Little*, originally published by Messrs. Henry & Co., and now issued, I believe, by Messrs. Longman. Therein may be seen quite a long discourse on Dumas, in which I seem to detect a certain Thackerayan echo—an echo I fancy I detect in a good deal that Mr. Lang has written.

A good many years ago I read, in Phillips's *Life of Curran* (I think), the following story: "There is a celebrated reply in circulation of Mr. Dunning [afterwards Lord Ashburton] to a remark of Lord Mansfield, who curtly exclaimed at one of his legal positions: 'Oh, if that be law, Mr. Dunning, I may burn my law books!' 'Better read them, my lord,' was the sarcastic and appropriate rejoinder." I was amused, the other day, to find this very rude repartee ascribed, not to Dunning, but to the late Lord Herschell.

We are to have a new English *Life* of Nicolas Poussin, by way of rivalry to Lady Calcott's. So far, the English biographies of Poussin have been few, but his works have not been without a certain amount of celebration. Thus, he figures in a folio of *Original Designs* edited by J. Chamberlaine in 1812, in another folio of *Studies from Nicolas Poussin* published in 1814, and, again, in a collection of *Engravings Illustrating the Sacred Scriptures* issued, also in folio, in 1833.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## An Analyst of the Soul.

*Alladine and Palomides, Interior, and The Death of Tintagiles.*  
By Maurice Maeterlinck. "Modern European Plays"  
Series. (Duckworth & Co. 2s. 6d.)

It is customary with many prejudiced people who have no idea of what they are missing to accuse M. Maeterlinck of obscure symbolism, and pass him by, or give him but languid attention. Day after day his books are falling (you may almost hear them drop) from the hands of persons who, striving after the hidden meaning which rumour alleges to lurk in every line, give up in despair. "He is too hard for me," says one. "I dislike mysticism," declares another. "It is all so impossible," cries a third; "I want plays that deal with life." And all the time the meaning is on the surface, and this clear-eyed, penetrative Belgian thinker is dealing with the core of life with unaffected lucidity and unswerving directness. For the author of the three plays that lie before us, and the others that have preceded them, is among the realists: with this difference from writers who usually achieve the term, that his realism is the realism of the naked soul, theirs more often that of the body.

The body is not much: 'twere best  
Take up the soul and leave the rest—

that might be M. Maeterlinck's motto for his work. He takes up the soul and leaves the rest. Or, rather, he does not leave the rest, but treats it as something not essentially relevant. The delights and pains of the body are here, it is true; but that these wistful and lissome damsels and love-lorn men sleep and eat and take exercise never occurs to us. While their souls are intensely vital and busy, their bodies are very much the bodies of a tapestry design.

When we say that M. Maeterlinck takes up the soul and leaves the rest, we mean that he is realist only with the soul, and self-indulgent idealist with the rest. It is his passion for strange beauty that prompts him to invent his wildly romantic scenery, his incredible fortresses, with their subterranean outlets on vast and formidable oceans, their myriad windows and crumbling towers, their resounding passages and far-reaching gardens. It is his passion for strange beauty that prompts him to give all these low-pulsed, exquisite women musical names and intoxicating hair, and to make all these delicately distinguished men kings or princes or knights of perfect carriage. These are the liberties we must allow genius. But when M. Maeterlinck comes to the real business of the dramatist, to the display of the mind at work, in bliss or torture, and all the pains and joys of which man is capable, then farewell to liberties and personal gratification. M. Maeterlinck straightway becomes stern realist. The machinery may be fantastic, but the human nature is exact. The body is a detail beside the soul in its nakedness. We hear, as it were, not words, but murmurings of the soul vocal, without the need of physical lips. We are beyond, above, the body.

It matters nothing to M. Maeterlinck where his dramas originate: the most ordinary divorce or breach of promise

case would provide him with material; he would so treat it that, while the external features of the thing were shorn away, the essence of the tragedy would be there, distinct and terrible. We do not say that the words employed would be the language of life, but the thoughts, emotions, and impulses at the back of them would be the thoughts, emotions, and impulses of life. Human nature is the same in all time and in all places. M. Maeterlinck paints human nature—self-abnegation and charity, love, jealousy, and revenge, cruelty and gentle solicitude, sorrow and suffering, the wisdom of eld and the impetuosity of youth; and if it pleases him to play the while with external unrealities as setting for his dramas, that pleasure must be conceded him.

But even in these settings he is not always fantastic. The central drama in this book—"Interior"—is lifelike throughout, in conditions as well as in psychology. It may, indeed, be particularly recommended to those persons whose idea of M. Maeterlinck's art is most wrongheaded. The story is simplicity itself. A young girl has been drowned, possibly by her own volition, and an old man is deputed to break the news to her family. He stands irresolute in the darkness of the garden, accompanied by a stranger, watching the family through the window. The father sits by the fire; the mother fondles a little sleeping boy; the two sisters work at their embroidery. All are happy and unsuspecting. Meanwhile the old man and the stranger talk together, and their words and silences tell everything. Here is a passage illustrating at once M. Maeterlinck's sympathetic insight into all gentle and sorrowful minds that, through suffering, have gained wisdom, and his strange power of suggesting impending calamity, the sense of disaster. The Old Man is speaking:

"Yesterday evening she was there sitting in the lamp-light like her sisters; and you would not see them now as they ought to be seen if this had not happened. . . . I seem to see her for the first time. . . . Something new must come into our ordinary life before we can understand it. They are at your side day and night; and you do not really see them until the moment when they depart for ever. And yet, what a strange little soul she must have had—what a poor, artless, unfathomable soul she must have had—to have said what she must have said, and done what she must have done!"

THE STRANGER: "See, they are smiling in the silence of the room . . ."

THE OLD MAN: "They are not at all anxious—they did not expect her this evening."

THE STRANGER: "They sit motionless and smiling. But see, the father puts his finger to his lips . . ."

THE OLD MAN: "He points to the child asleep on its mother's breast . . ."

THE STRANGER: "She dare not raise her head as for fear of disturbing it . . ."

THE OLD MAN: "They are not sewing any more, there is a dead silence . . ."

THE STRANGER: "They have let fall a skein of white silk . . ."

THE OLD MAN: "They are looking at the child."

THE STRANGER: "They do not know that others are watching them."

THE OLD MAN: "We, too, are watched . . ."

THE STRANGER: "They have raised their eyes . . ."

THE OLD MAN: "And yet they can see nothing."

THE STRANGER: "They seem to be happy, and yet there is something—I cannot tell what . . ."

The approach of the villagers bearing the body at last makes it necessary to break the news. We see, through the window, the blow fall on the family, and that is all. The arrangement is perfect, the effect indelible.

The two other plays, "The Death of Tintagiles" and "Alladine and Palomides," are less simple. "The Death of Tintagiles" is too pitiful: we are not satisfied that the end justifies the means. "Alladine and Palomides" belongs to the same class as "Pelleas and Mélisande." We will not recount the story here; but there is one scene which must be mentioned. Palomides is betrothed to Astolaine, the king's daughter, but Alladine so allures him that he is forced, even against his will, to be faithless. Astolaine forgives him in a beautiful, poignant passage, of which this is a portion:

PALOMIDES: "I know what it is that I lose; I know that her soul is the soul of a child, of a poor and helpless child, by the side of your soul: and for all that I cannot resist. . . ."

ASTOLAINE: "Do not weep. . . . I too am well aware that we are not always able to do the thing we prefer. . . . I was not unprepared for your coming. . . . There must indeed be laws mightier than those of the soul, whereof we forever are speaking . . . (*she suddenly kisses him*). But I love you the more for it, my poor Palomides. . . ."

PALOMIDES: "I love you too. . . . More than her whom I love. . . . Are you crying too?"

ASTOLAINE: "They are little tears, . . . let them not sadden you. . . . My tears fall because I am a woman; but women's tears, they say, are not painful. . . ."

M. Maeterlinck has given us many beautiful women, and Astolaine is with the first. Only a mind of extraordinary purity and depth could have devised her. Of M. Maeterlinck's dramatic methods there may be many opinions, but of his penetrative appreciation of the best and loveliest of which mankind is capable, of his comprehending pity for the unhappiness of sensitive natures, and of his delicate gift for expressing those thoughts which most of us can only half articulate—conscious that they hover near, but unable quite to grasp them—there can be but one.

It should be added that these three plays appear in the series of Modern European Plays edited by Mr. Brimley Johnson and Mr. N. Erichsen. The translations, which have ease and grace, are by Mr. Alfred Sutro ("Alladine and Palomides" and "The Death of Tintagiles") and Mr. William Archer ("Interior").

### Art and Democracy.

*Angels' Wings.* By Edward Carpenter. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

AMONG those whose ideal it is to remould the world "nearer to the heart's desire" there are, we believe, many who look to Mr. Edward Carpenter as a leader and a seer. The present volume, which consists of "Essays on Art and its Relation to Life," is, of course, only indirectly concerned with schemes of social reconstruction; but we look

with some interest to see what sort of place it is that Mr. Carpenter reserves for art in the renewed, revitalised democratic-socialistic community of the future. The book is undeniably an attractive one. Mr. Carpenter is not one of those Socialists who would break with the past and consign it to oblivion. He has genuine reverence for, and considerable capacity of appreciating the masterpieces which the human spirit has so far succeeded in creating. And though his historical surveys and generalisations occasionally strike us as lacking in depth of knowledge, yet he is throughout fertile in new and suggestive points of critical departure. The key-note of his attitude to the questions he deals with is struck in the opening words of the first essay. It is a feeling "that the Democratic idea as it grows and spreads will have a profound influence on Art and artistic matters; and that Art, in its relation to life generally, is in these days passing into new phases of development." To foretell and analyse the lines along which this influence and this development is likely to proceed is the main object which, with some discursiveness and many departures into special inquiries, he keeps before him throughout. So far as we disentangle his answer, it is something as follows. In the perfect life there will not be a very large place for Art, for life itself will be beautiful. "But before that it is more than possible that there will be a great outburst of special art production, inspired chiefly by the splendours of the coming sunrise. Of this outburst Wagner, Millet, and Whitman are the great forerunners. (Shelley is the lark which almost before dawn soared from the darkened earth.)" This art-production, transient as it is apparently expected to be, will naturally look forward rather than back. Its characteristics will be those which the new life itself, according to Mr. Carpenter, is to bear. That is to say, it will combine individuality of expression with a sense of the unity and solidarity of the race. Mr. Carpenter does not conceive of triumphant democracy as something which will tend to crush out the individual. All true art, he tells you, must convey "a contagion of feeling" from the breast of the author to that of his audience, and to effect this the author must seek "to arrive at the most direct expression of something actually felt by himself as a part of his own, and so part of all human experience." Mr. Carpenter would fetter expression with no artificial bonds; on the other hand, he would not deny it the use of conventions, so long as these are dominated and do not dominate; for, in accepting tradition, the artist is "in touch with that immense field of the Collective Consciousness of the race, which is, in fact, Religion, and from which the individual (however great his genius) may not stray too far." For, in a democratic state of things, a true individualism is at root a true collectivism. "The deeper one goes into himself the nearer he must come to the Common Life." And so Art is really a force that makes for union.

She will perceive that her function consists in something much more real, more positive: that it consists in actually drawing human beings together, revealing to them mutually their own feelings, their own inner life and consciousness, and the sentiment of every object, every event, as it relates itself (through the individual artist) to the great thrilling, palpitating soul of all mankind. For the first time the sense of this great soul is dawning consciously

upon us. All life will be worked in—the most lonely, the most complex, the most inaccessible subjects, in order that they may wake response in the few that can understand them; and again the simplest and most universal, and in the simplest forms, in order that their portrayal may make the whole world kin. To make mankind realise their unity, to make them *feel* it, that will be the inspiration and the province of Art.

Such is the backbone of Mr. Carpenter's speculations about art in democracy. We leave the criticism of it to those who are more convinced than we are that philosophic discussion of "the what and the why" of art is a very profitable thing. We have ourselves been on the whole more interested in some of Mr. Carpenter's subsidiary essays, and in particular in that which gives its name to the volume, and in which he considers the various devices adopted by artists of all ages to give plausibility to their conceptions of winged angels and winged beings of the human type generally. We must confess that Mr. Carpenter's difficulties have never troubled us, and do not really trouble us now that he is suggesting them. Our mind is so constituted as placidly to accept the symbolism, without inquiring too closely whether the clothes of a winged angel would come off, or the muscles and articulations necessary to move the wings would be an anatomical contradiction in terms. Mr. Carpenter, however, has worried over it, and produces evidence to show that really great artists put their winged figures in such a position that the absence of muscles and articulations is not noticeable, or frankly meet the difficulty by strapping the wings on, as in the case of the traditional presentments of Hermes. This essay is illustrated by a series of interesting photographs, which include Perugino's St. Michael from the National Gallery and a beautiful bronze Hermes from Herculaneum.

As a specimen of Mr. Carpenter's style at its best the following passage may serve. It is a description of the Panathenaic frieze on the Parthenon at Athens:

The workmanship is so naïve, so spontaneous, so joyous, so unconscious-proud in its strength and its skill. The whole scene moves again before us—the young warriors on horseback or on foot, in the beauty and pride of manhood; the horses themselves champing at the bit; the chariots so well made, so swift; the elders and councillors of the city, in sober raiment and bearded wisdom, bearing olive branches; the beves of maidens with baskets of offerings to their prototype, the virgin goddess; the cattle decorated for sacrifice, the drovers, the artisans, the slaves—all dedicated—the lives of the warriors, the wisdom of the old men, the hearts of the women, the work of the toilers and the blood of the beautiful animals—to her who is the common life of them all, Athené, the soul of Athens.

Mr. Carpenter is by no means always so good as this. Occasionally he is slangy; and his description of a figure in a picture of Carlo Dolce's at Florence as "a middle-aged beau with lardy-dardy whiskers" displeased us mightily. But obviously he has real gifts as well as an individual point of view.

## A Chicago Philosopher.

*Mr. Dooley: in Peace and in War.* (Grant Richards. 2s.)

WE have already said something in the ACADEMY in praise of Mr. Dooley, and now that his book in its completeness is before us we can only ratify that commendation. Mr. Dooley must be added to the acquaintances of all who esteem good sense and good humour.

The scheme of the book is simple. Mr. Martin Dooley is a Roscommon Irishman who settled many years ago in Chicago, and now keeps a liquor saloon in the Archey-road, in the heart of the Irish quarter. Every night Hennessy and other of his friends step over for a "hot wan," and to them Mr. Dooley holds forth. He has his opinions on everything that happens, and in spite of some ignorance of detail, he has the knack of hitting the centre. His greatest gift is the witty Irishman's capacity to improvise satirical situations and dialogue. Here and in other ways he reminds us of Mulvaney. Mulvaney's brogue is more creamy, for American influences have tampered with Mr. Dooley's; and Mulvaney's remarks are more humorously kindly, for Mulvaney was a humanist, whereas Mr. Dooley, in conversation at any rate, is a cynic and a destructive critic; but the two men stand together. In selecting Mr. Dooley for his mouthpiece the author of this trenchant book—whom we have already stated to be Mr. Finley Peter Dunne—has shown much acumen, for no one is in so fine a position to say true things of Anglo-Saxons, whether in England or America, as the Irishman who dwells in their midst and is yet not of them. Yet Mr. Dooley, however shrewd his thrusts may be, always saves himself a flash of rectifying humour, so that his weapon while it pierces your side tickles you too.

For English readers the section of this book entitled "In Peace" will be the more attractive, for many of the remarks on the progress of the American-Spanish War are esoteric, although well worth attempting none the less. In the "In Peace" section Mr. Dooley discourses of New Year resolutions, of Football, of Golf, of Books, of Charity, of the Dreyfus Case, of the Decadence of Greece, of the New Woman, and many other matters equally interesting to Englishmen as to Americans. Here is Mr. Dooley on Books:

"'Tis all wrong," said Mr. Dooley. "They're on'y three books in th' wurruld worth readin'—Shakespeare, th' Bible, and Mike Ahearn's histhry iv Chicago. I have Shakespeare on thrust, Father Kelly r-reads th' Bible f'r me, and I didn't buy Mike Ahearn's histhry because I seen more thin he cud put into it. Books is th' roon iv people, specially novels. Whin I was a young man, th' parish priest used to preach again thim; but nobody knowed what he meant. At that time Willum Joyce had th' on'y library in th' Sixth Wa-ard. Th' mayor give him th' bound volumes iv th' council proceedings, an' they was a very handsome set. Th' on'y books I seen was th' kind that has th' life iv th' pope on th' outside an' a set iv dominos on th' inside. They're good readin'. Nawthin' cud be better f'r a man whin he's tired out afther a day's wurruk thin to go to his library an' take down wan iv th' gr-reat wurruks iv lithratchoor an' play a game iv dominos f'r th' dhrinks out iv it. Anny other kind iv r-readin', barrin' th' newspapers, which will niver hurt anny onedycated man, is destrhuctive iv morals."

"I had it out with Father Kelly th' other day in this very matther. He was comin' up fr'm down town with an ar-rmful iv books f'r prizes at th' school. 'Have ye th' Key to Heaven there?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'th' childher that'll get these books don't need no key. They go in under th' turnstile,' he says, laughin'. 'Have ye th' Lives iv th' Saints, or the Christyan Dooty, or th' Story iv Saint Rose iv Lima?' I says. 'I have not,' says he. 'I have some good story books. I'd rather th' kids'd r-read Char-les Dickens than anny iv th' tales iv thim holy men that was burned in ile or et up be lines,' he says. 'It does no good in these degin'rate days to prove that th' best that can come to a man f'r behavin' himself is to be cooked in a pot or di-gisted, be a line,' he says. 'Ye're wrong,' says I. 'Beggin' ye'er riv'rinces pardon, ye're wrong,' I says. 'What ar-re ye goin' to do with thim young wans? Ye're goin' to make thim near-sighted an' round-shouldered,' I says. 'Ye're goin' to have thim believe that, if they behave thimselves an' lead a virchous life, they'll marry rich an' go to Congress. They'll wake up some day, an' find out that gettin' money an' behavin' ye'erself don't always go together,' I says. 'Some iv th' wickedest men in th' wur-ruld have marrid rich,' I says. 'Ye're goin' to teach thim that a man doesn't have to use an ax to get along in th' wur-ruld. Ye're goin' to teach thim that a la-ad with a curlin' black mustache an' smokin' a cigareet is always a villyan, whin he's more often a barber with a lar-rge family. Life, says ye! There's no life in a book. If ye want to show thim what life is, tell thim to look around thim. There's more life on a Saturdah night in th' Ar-rehy-road thin in all th' books fr'm Shakespeare to th' rayport iv th' drainage thrustees."

We wish we had room to quote more of Mr. Dooley's opinions. Mr. Dunne, it may be remarked, is still continuing the series in his paper, so that a new volume may, probably, be expected before long. Mr. Dooley, for shrewd common sense, is worthy to take his place as a national satirist beside Hosea Biglow.

### Gabriel Harvey Redivivus.

*On the Use of Classical Metres in English.* By William Johnson Stone. (Frowde. 1s.)

THE history of the attempts to naturalise classical metres on a Saxon soil has been a somewhat irritating one. The pundits of Gabriel Harvey's *Arsopagus*, who tried the thing, or thought they tried the thing, broke down. This was partly because the real poets amongst them—Spenser and Sidney to wit—found it on the whole more interesting to write poetry than to make metrical experiments, and partly because of their failure to distinguish lucidly and accurately between the essential natures of accentual and quantitative verse. To some extent the same failure has persisted. The present century has seen many hexameters, of which probably the best are to be found here and there in Clough's *Bothie of Tober na Vuolich*, and a few elegiacs. But these have been almost uniformly accentual, and not quantitative. They have assumed, as a basis, that a classical dactyl, or succession of a long and two short syllables, can be represented in accentual verse by a

succession of one accented and two unaccented syllables, and similarly that a classical spondee, or succession of two long syllables, can be represented by a succession of two accented syllables. Owing, however, to the comparative rarity with which accented syllables immediately succeed each other in English, the accentual spondee has frequently been replaced in practice by an accentual trochee, or succession of one accented and one unaccented syllable. On this basis it is, of course, perfectly easy to write, and even to read with pleasure, hexameters. But this is not in the least what Mr. Stone means when he asks us to write classical metres as the classical writers wrote them. He proposes that hexameters should be strictly quantitative, that the rhythm should depend on quantity, and not on accent at all, and that accent should be reduced to the subordinate place which quantity itself now holds in our own accentual verse. Examine an English line, and you find that, although the syllables long in quantity are frequently, perhaps generally, also the accented ones, yet this is by no means invariably the case. Sometimes an unaccented syllable is long, and then a warring of accent against quantity is set up. A precisely similar warring takes place in classical metres, only here the positions are reversed. The accent frequently falls on the long syllables which govern the rhythm; exceptionally it does not.

Before we give some examples of Mr. Stone's exotic metres, let us say that his essay is quite one of the most lucid and scholarly treatments of its subject with which we are acquainted. He poses the whole problem of the nature and relation of quantity and accent admirably. Especially we wish to endorse the weight he lays on the often disregarded fact that English syllables, like classical syllables, have definite quantities of their own, and are therefore capable of being classified for metrical purposes, if desirable, as longs and shorts. With regard to another of his theories, that metrical accent is not voice stress or emphasis, but a raising of musical pitch, we are more doubtful. The view should be supported by considerations drawn from the nature of musical accent and the way in which verse is set to music by composers. Sidney Lanier, if we remember right, went over this ground in a forgotten volume.

Mr. Stone claims that his only real predecessor in writing strictly quantitative hexameters in English has been the learned and ingenious Mr. James Spedding. Here are Mr. Spedding's lines:

Verses so modulate, so tuned, so varied in accent,  
Rich with unexpected changes, smooth, stately, sonorous,  
Rolling ever forward, tide-like, with thunder in endless  
Procession, complex melodies—pause, quantity, accent.  
After Virgilian precedent and practice, in order  
Distributed—could these gratify th' Etonian ear-drum?

Virgil my model is: accent, caesura, division

His practice regulates; his rules my quantity obeyeth.

The reader must scan for himself, remembering that a syllable may be long through the position of the vowel before more than one consonant, as well as through its nature, and that he must leave the accent in its proper place, and not forcibly transfer it to the long syllable. It

must be "a'tter Virg'il'ian," not "a'fter Virg'il'ian." The second example is Mr. Stone's own, and is elegiac:

Came hither, Heraclitus, a word of thy death, awaking  
Me to sorrow, and I thought upon how together  
We would see the sun out sweet-counselling: all that is of  
thee,  
Dear Halicarnassian, long, long ago is ashes;  
But thy nightingales will abide with us; on them of all  
things  
Else the coming ravisher will not ever set his hand.

Obviously it would not be fair to judge the new prosody by the actual achievement of these specimens. The pioneers are feeling their way painfully in a strange land. To a classically-trained ear there is probably a real pleasure in the marked clashing of accent and quantity, whether in Greek, Latin, or English. But few ears are classically trained, and, interesting as Mr. Stone's experiments are, we do not at heart believe that quantitative scansion will take root in English verse. Just as nations have the government they deserve, so—and even more so—they have the prosody which really fits their tongues and throats and gratifies their ears. And for the Teutonic folk, since the days when the Emperor Julian heard the songs of the Germans, like the dissonant cries of birds, by the waters of the Rhine, that prosody has been accentual, and not quantitative.

### The Referendum.

*The Referendum in Switzerland.* By Simon Deploige.  
Translated by C. P. Trevelyan, M.A.; and Edited by  
Lilian Tomn. (Longmans. 7s. 6d.)

AMONG the less reflective democrats of to-day no shibboleth is so blessed as the word referendum. The impatience of second chambers, and, indeed, of more representative bodies, tends to quicken the desire of the people for a more direct voice in legislation and administration. This growing democratic spirit has manifested itself in demands for the referendum, by which constitutions, laws, or resolutions are referred from chambers of representatives to the popular vote. There are many who cherish the amiable delusion that men are naturally good, and that the millennial day will dawn when the sovereignty of the people is realised in direct legislation. Yet Rousseau, the great sophist of democracy, long ago confessed that, though men always desire their own good, they are often deceived and do not discern it.

For five centuries the people have voted on ordinary laws in certain Swiss cantons, and in States of the American Union it has been the practice to refer constitutional changes to the people for ratification. The referendum has been advocated in various forms in the French, Italian, and Belgian Chambers, and it has appeared in the programmes of German Socialist Congresses. In England, rudimentary examples of it have been found in the Trade Union world, as well as in the metropolitan Public Library pollings. The plebiscites on liquor prohibition in Canada, and on the establishment of a Federal Constitution in Australia (not Australasia, as the editor terms it), are recent instances of the direct

popular vote. Just lately the readers of an English Socialist newspaper have declared that the referendum and the popular initiative should hold the first place in a scheme of political reform.

It may, then, be fairly urged that the present volume possesses actuality, and appears at an opportune time. It brings out clearly the special political features of Switzerland, and shows that the Swiss referendum is an organic growth—the product of special historical conditions—and an integral part of a peculiar constitution. Switzerland differs in a great variety of ways from States like England or France, and only political empiricists can feel confident that the institution would prosper on an alien soil. The referendum is by no means a simple contrivance, and the number of possible permutations of which it is susceptible is extraordinary. The unique political character of Switzerland, the forms of the referendum adopted in that country, the difficulties attendant upon their working, and the results obtained, are all clearly exhibited by M. Deploige, supplemented by Miss Tomn. The ordinary *voyageur en Suisse* can have but a vague idea of the complex political machinery prevailing throughout the cantons; and knows not that, amid all the mazes of the strangely heterogeneous constitutions, the direct vote of the people controls affairs alike in the Federal Assembly and in the humblest local body.

The section on the Popular Initiative introduces to the English reader a subject much less familiar than the referendum itself. The initiative is the right of a number of electors to propose a new law, or to demand the repeal or modification of an existing one. The referendum is hedged in with restrictions, and often has a negative result; but the initiative is a more direct and positive appeal to the people. It can be demanded at any time, and practically there are no limits to the subjects it may deal with. The results obtained from the application of the referendum and the initiative testify to the frequent apathy of the voters, or to their liability to be governed by a narrow utilitarianism. Passion, personal interest, party spirit, religious bias, and many other factors influence their decisions. The general results are conservative.

### Saws.

#### For Literary Aspirants.

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You may take it for granted that you have quite as much genius as half the people now writing.

Self-depreciation is an exercise for the closet.

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If you cannot fly, climb.

A smooth brow needs no bays.

The most trustworthy literary agent is Her Majesty's Postmaster-General.

Modesty is the best policy.

## Notes on New Books.

KHARTOUM CAMPAIGN, 1898.

BY BENNET BURLEIGH.

Mr. Burleigh adds one more vivid narrative of Lord Kitchener's campaign to the three or four we have already read. Two features one may note. Mr. Burleigh warmly emphasises the services rendered by Colonel Macdonald, whose rewards he considers inadequate. On this point it is not for us to offer an opinion. Colonel Macdonald's heroism and soldierly skill are beyond question, perhaps beyond praise. We merely remark, as a matter of criticism, that there is a certain bathos in Mr. Burleigh's reliance on the *Dingwall North Star* for a record and eulogy of Colonel Macdonald's career. Surely this is to belittle the very man whom Mr. Burleigh desires to honour. The other feature is a "Postscript," in which Mr. Burleigh replies to Mr. E. N. Bennett's notorious article in the *Contemporary*, entitled "After Omdurman." This is sad reading for plain men. It seems that in the multiplying of war correspondents there is darkening of counsel. Mr. Bennett—as everyone knows—declares that the wounded were shamefully killed after the battle of Omdurman. Mr. Burleigh, whose denial we wish to believe, says this charge is "abominable," and that Mr. Bennett has "scarcely a nodding acquaintanceship with truth." Doubts of the kind raised by these opposing authorities can be finally and logically laid to rest only by an exhaustive and impartial inquiry. Failing that, one's beliefs go with one's wishes and prior convictions. Therefore Mr. Burleigh wins so far as the conditions allow. But the real quarrel is between Mr. Bennett and the Army; Mr. Burleigh's scoldings are too personal. (Chapman & Hall. 12s.)

PHILADELPHIA.

BY AGNES REPPLIER.

"A quiet town," exclaims the author as she surveys the Philadelphia of to-day. "Something that was given to the infant city as she lay cradled between her two rivers remains with her still, some leaven of modesty, some legacy of soberness and restraint." These words are nearly the last in Miss Repplier's book. You may turn back and dip and verify. In its first days Philadelphia was absurdly happy: all religions were tolerated, and all journeymen tailors had twelve shillings a week and their board. To be sure, these heavenly conditions were oft menaced. Party feuds, hooped petticoats, and Indians had to be suppressed. Then came Franklin, half sage, half huckster, a bore for ever and ever, with his patent stoves and his lightning-rods and his punch-bowl and his militia and his "Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania" and his stories of Paris. "Too much Franklin" is the reader's cry long before page 329, where he is told that "in 1824 was founded the Franklin Institute," as though Philadelphia were not one entire and perfect Franklin Institute already. The War of Independence and the period of Philadelphia's regency, when Washington gave his severe receptions, and set his watch daily "by Clark's standard at Front in High-streets, gravely saluting the porters who uncovered as he passed," are described as brightly as possible, as might be expected from one of the best women prose writers now living. It is balm in Gilead to learn that the city which proclaimed Independence still disburses rent to the English descendants of William Penn. A very pleasant, womanly, and vivacious book. It should be read with Mrs. Earle's *Home Life in Colonial Days*. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.)

ROSES AND RUE.

BY ALICE FURLONG.

A slender book of Irish poems and poems of nature, by one who loves her land. Irish poems that are inspired by passionate patriotism cannot but have the true note, however crude they may be. Miss Furlong's, however, are not crude; and her

lyrics of the open air have a freshness that is always pleasant. We quote, for its timeliness, the first stanza of a pretty song on the seasons, "The Year's Children":

SPRING.

She is mild, she is mild!  
Creeping up the chilly lanes  
In the silver of the rains.  
All her hair is April-wild.  
But a hint of golden May  
Hides in tresses blown astray.  
For the love of this young child  
Blooms the daffodil  
And the primrose on the hill.

A book which bears the impress of a delicate and kindly personality. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT, &amp;c. BY JAMES THOMSON.

Mr. Bertram Dobell, who was one of Thomson's close friends and is the editor and publisher of this little volume, states that he has made the selection in response to an appeal for a cheap edition of Thomson's works. In his interesting preface Mr. Dobell explains his principle of selection, and tells again something of the poet. "Even those," he says, "who were quite incapable of estimating his intellectual qualities were charmed by his genial manner, his pleasant talk, and good fellowship." Such poems as "Sunday up the River" and "Sunday at Hampstead" illustrate this side of Thomson's nature; but readers of the title-poem will need to be reminded that it existed. Among the poems added to those printed in the first edition of "The City of Dreadful Night" are "Weddah and Om-el-Bonain," "A Voice from the Nile," and that perfect piece of lyrical criticism, "William Blake." The volume is small and comely, and while Thomson's admirers will be glad to have it, it should attract to him new readers. (Bertram Dobell. 3s. 6d.)

ADAM SMITH.

BY HECTOR C. MACPHERSON.

It is always probable that a life of a political economist written by a political economist will discuss political economy. But it is a little appalling to find Mr. Macpherson saying in his brief preface: "The reader will notice how profoundly I have been influenced by two thinkers—Spencer and Bastiat." Cheerfully we skip every page and line in which we might acquire proof of this fact, our tastes inclining us to an acquaintance with Adam Smith the man, not the influence of other men on his biographer. Of Adam Smith the man there are some interesting stories in this little volume, the latest addition to the "Famous Scots" series. With all his grasp of mind, Smith was one of the most unpractical and absent-minded of men. We are told that his "tendency to reverie" interfered with the discharge of his duties as Commissioner of Customs for Scotland. Once, when invited to Dalkeith Palace to meet a distinguished statesman, he began to gabble in disparagement of his fellow guest. When reminded of the situation, he blushed, but could only mutter in his confusion: "Deil care, deil care; it's all true." One morning he stepped out into his garden at Kirkcaldy, clad only in dressing-gown, and, forgetting this fact, walked to Dunfermline, where he arrived just as people were going to church. Adam Smith was wedded to self-communing; yet in later life he enjoyed the society of that Edinburgh to which, Gibbon said, "taste and philosophy seemed to have retired from the smoke and hurry of the immense capital of London." He had £800 a year salary from the Customs and a pension of £300 from the Duke of Buccleugh. We like a story of his last visit to London. Pitt was anxious to meet the author of *The Wealth of Nations*. A dinner was arranged at Dundas's house, Addington,

Wilberforce, and Granville being present. Smith came late, and the whole company rose to receive him. "Be seated, gentlemen," said Smith. "No," replied Pitt, "we will stand till you are first seated, for we are all your scholars." (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1s. 6d.)

THE STUDY OF HOLY SCRIPTURE. BY CHARLES A. BRIGGS.

Dr. Briggs, who is a Professor of Biblical Theology in a New York seminary, lectures from the altitude of one who has suffered for the faith which he professes. From his Introduction we learn that he has gone through a season of persecution at the hands of his own familiar friends. He would seem to have lived down the intemperate orthodoxy of these well-meaning persons, and here he takes appropriate vengeance in a vast book of some 700 pages. What he has to say of the general results of modern criticism—and it is not so very terrible—he tells in such a manner as should interest an earnest audience of aspirants to the ministry and stir up in them a spirit of liberal inquiry. Among the American divines who most readily opened their eyes to the new light he quotes the memorable name of Mr. Preserved Smith; and for valuable assistance in the preparation of this much elaborated version of a book which first saw the light some years ago, he renders respectful thanks to his daughter, the Rev. (?) Emilie G. Briggs, B.D. (T. & T. Clark. 12s. net.)

THE TRIUMPH OF THE PHILISTINES. BY H. A. JONES.

Mr. Jones prefaces to this edition of his comedy another of his lively polemical prefaces. This time it is not Mr. William Archer that serves as butt, but once again the buffeted, yet indifferent, British Public. Mr. Jones explains the origin and motive of his play. The origin was his amusement at the spectacle of congregations all over the country joining every Sunday in singing the Psalms of so deplorably undesirable a monarch as David and perceiving no incongruity the while. The motive was the emphatic illustration of the wisdom of the text in Ecclesiastes: "Be not righteous over much; why shouldest thou destroy thyself?" But unfortunately, as Mr. Jones admits, he was so much taken with his moral that he forgot to make a good play; hence "The Triumph of the Philistines," produced in May, 1895, was a loss to Mr. George Alexander. It is, however, fairly amusing reading. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.)

A DIARY OF ST. HELENA. EDITED BY ARTHUR WILSON.

The writer of this diary was Clementina Elphinston, the wife of Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who commanded the Cape Station while Napoleon was at St. Helena. Many of Napoleon's conversations which it records have been reported, and those which have not yield nothing particularly fresh. But Mr. Wilson was justified in making this modest book out of Lady Malcolm's papers. The sketch of the Emperor they afford is lifelike and interesting. On p. 21 we find Napoleon discussing Ossian's poems with Lady Malcolm. "He said he admired them very much, particularly *Durthula*, and inquired if the controversy about their authenticity was decided; and whether Macpherson had really written them. He laughed on her replying with quickness that Macpherson was not capable of writing them. . . . She asked him if he had read the poems in a French translation? He said there were two. He had them both, but they were not good. The Italian was excellent, beautiful. She said that they had been more admired on the Continent than in England. He exclaimed with energy: 'It was I,—I made them the fashion. I have been even accused of having my head filled with Ossian's clouds.'" (Innes & Co. 5s.)

## Fiction.

*Two Men o' Mendip.* By Walter Raymond.  
(Longmans. 6s.)

IN its way this tragic idyll is a perfect piece of work. It follows the course of a little lie to a great disaster without confusion or excess of detail, and softens an effect which might easily have been over-harsh and grim by charming sketches of landscape and touches of comedy. The scene is Somerset; the time, 1813. A man could be hanged for sheepstealing then, and it is small wonder that here and there the would-be victim of a robber, by invoking the law that punished after so terrible a fashion, brought down dire vengeance on his own head. Mr. Raymond's readers are not utterly alienated from the "groover" who slays Joseph Pierce, or the farmer who suppresses evidence of the deed; for the one is avenging his father and the other is afraid of the criminal's friends. But fear sits ill on so stalwart a figure as the John Winterhead of this story, and a conscious breach of faith to the dead man who had eaten his salt proves a far-reaching influence for evil on his life. Better certainly that his hayricks should have blazed than that "Little Patty" Winterhead should have fallen in love with a murderer. We will not lift the veil further, but enough has been disclosed to show how sternly logical is the retribution imagined by Mr. Raymond. All the characters speak the pleasant rustic dialect which the author of *Gentleman Upcott* knows so well. We find one of them, Emily Jane, giving the heroine a "piece of white crochet work" on her birthday. The design thereon was easily recognised. "'Why, 'tis the little Zammle, to be sure,' smiled Cousin Selina. . . . 'La! an' so 'tis,' they all agreed at once. 'An' look at his little eye; so natural like,' said Aunt Maria with tender feeling; for Cousin Selina's Emily Jane, artist as she was, had worked a round hole where the eye ought to be, and the expression of spirituality thus given to the countenance was truly wonderful."

*A Girl of the Klondike.* By Victoria Cross.  
(Walter Scott. 3s. 6d.)

"VICTORIA CROSS" is a young novelist who now for some years has been showing promise without arriving at any actual performance. Her first work, a fragment of some length, which appeared in *The Yellow Book*, narrowly escaped being notable. No one could fail to see that here was an author gifted with strong imagination—an imagination, however, which its owner could not hold in check. And to this day "Victoria Cross" has not mastered her imagination. With her, to compose a novel is to be dragged breathless at the heels of a power which has never come under discipline. She cannot write; she cannot shape; she cannot exercise control. She is the mere imperfect instrument of a force.

In the present book we have a rushing, burning narrative of a goldfields tragedy, culminating in revolvers and death. The heroine is impossible, the two lovers are impossible, and the Klondike is impossible—being, in all probability, a Klondike of "Victoria Cross's" too exuberant dreams.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

LOUP-GAROU!

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Ten stories of West Indian life, by the author of *Children of the Mist*. In the first a theft is attempted by a "misshapen living thing—half-man, half-ape. The moonlight showed its hairy body, outlined its shaggy ears, and played like white fire in its round eyes." Noel Warne promptly shot it, and it turned out to be Roger Warne in masquerade. But the thrill comes first. An awesome picture of the scene serves as frontispiece. Among the other stories is one called "Obi Man." The tone of the book is gruesome. (Sands. 6s.)

THE CAPSINA.

BY E. F. BENSON.

A little while ago Mr. Benson gave us *The Vintage*, a romance of the Greek War of Independence at the beginning of the century. He now adds a companion story, wherein some of the characters of *The Vintage* reappear. The Capsina did not want for vigour: "He [Mitsos] saw the Turk's lips curl in a sort of snarl, and he put his hand to his belt a moment too late, for the next the Capsina's knife had flickered down from arm's length to his throat, and the butt of her pistol caught him on the temple. He fell sprawling at her feet, and she had to put one foot on his chest as purchase to pull the knife out again." (Methuen. 6s.)

LIFE AT TWENTY.

BY CHARLES RUSSELL MORSE.

A very long novel, ranging over various ranks of society, and full of matter. The hero is a gardener and botanist, and he talks like this: "Picture your typical bachelor-gruff Benedict before he realises the awful depths in the pitfall; imagine him affianced, fighting established fact with established habit; and then, association of ideas victorious over ideas of association, see him dividing his rooted morbidity to cover two hearts, generous to a fault in refusing his wife's optimism—if she has any." A careful work. (Heinemann. 6s.)

ATHELSTANE FORD.

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

An eighteenth-century romance, privateering, fighting, and love being the ingredients. The story moves to India, where Clive is introduced, and the battle of Plassy described. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE HERMITS OF GRAY'S INN.

BY G. B. BURGIN.

The Hermits are six men who band themselves together in a vow of celibacy. One is called Fireworks, another The Scribe, another is Albert Quigge, and all have been jilted. One, however, Panton Dare, broke his vow and married. The story skips humorously on, helped out by the quaint remarks of Mrs. Pag, a talkative Cockney. "The only way to lure a real gentleman out of bed," she says, "is to come and strip the clothes off, and nobody but his own mother can do that, even though he's as blind as Julius Caesar when he landed at the seaside." (Pearson. 6s.)

MISS NANSE.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

Another story by this popular and very productive novelist. Miss Nanse was Miss Nansie Fotheringham, a dressmaker at Pitaird, the little Scotch town where the scene is laid, and there is a certain Cranford character of description of her, her sister, and some of the other personages of the story and place. Subsequently comes a romantic element, with mystery and wickedness, skilfully managed by the practised pen. (Long. 3s. 6d.)

OSWALD STEELE.

BY EIBBON BERKLEY.

"The soft light of a lovely autumn afternoon stole through the window of the sacristy of St. Mary's Church; it fell on

the figures of a young girl and a priest—fair sinner and stern saint. The former was seeking absolution at the hands of the latter, according to the new ritual of our Established Church"—such is the beginning. Tangled lives and religious questionings follow. (Long. 6s.)

COUSIN IVO.

BY MRS. ANDREW DEAN.

A pleasant, smartly written novel about a will. The hero goes to Germany on a mission to discover the heirs, and finds adventures, wife, and fortune. There are brightness and movement in every page. (Black. 6s.)

THE MORMON PROPHET.

BY LILY DOUGALL.

The hero is Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, and the author's aim has been to present him as he is revealed in his own writings, in the writings of his contemporaries, and in the memories of the few who can recall him. The novel is also a contribution to psychical research. (Black. 6s.)

THE PRESIDENT OF BORAVIA.

BY GEORGE LAMBERT.

A tale of South African politics and a discovery of Jesuit treasure, with the proper element of love-making. Exciting reading. (Chatto. 6s.)

KNAVES OF DIAMONDS.

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH.

This story deals with Illicit Diamond Buying in South Africa. According to the Diamond Laws stolen gems must be found on the person or in the possession of the suspect before a conviction can be obtained. "It is just here," says the author in his preface, "that the most exciting and fascinating part of the art and industry of I. D. B. . . . comes in. There are, indeed, not a few who have found fortunes in South Africa . . . who can look back to anxious moments, big with fate, which made all the difference to them between the broadcloth of the millionaire magnate and the arrow-marked canvas of the convict I. D. B." (Pearson. 3s. 6d.)

A WEAVER OF RUNES.

BY W. DUTTON BURRARD.

A rather jerky story of Anglo-Indian life by a novelist with high spirits. Although in one conversation we are treated to an explanation of "The Lady of Shalott," the book is bright and readable. (Long. 6s.)

THE TREASURY-OFFICER'S WOOING.

BY CECIL LOWIS.

The Treasury-officer is Rupert Waring, and he is stationed at Tatkin in Upper Burmah, where Ethel Smart has come to stay with her brother, the Deputy-Commissioner. The life of the station is admirably drawn by Mr. Lowis, and the love-story holds, without exciting, the reader. A most readable novel. (Macmillan. 6s.)

UNTIL THE DAWN.

BY S. E. WALFORD.

A military novel turning on the murder of the hero's mother by an unknown hand, and the hero's life-long resolve to know the truth. The characters are varied and interesting, and include a colonel's wife who "plays with fire," aided unconsciously by a fatuous husband who says: "I never claimed to be a genius, but there is one subject I thoroughly understand, and that is woman. Give them their little luxuries and amusements, and most of them will run straight. Comfort has far more to do with the matter than principle. I have always been a sceptic as to the restraining power of moral teaching." (Chapman & Hall. 3s. 6d.)

DEPOPULATION.

BY HENRY WRIGHT.

In this "Romance of the Unlikely" the author attacks the "corner" system, which he represents as the curse of America. The picture of Gabrielle Metzler's wealth and his gigantic operations is interesting. The story ends with a revolution, in which the millionaire system perishes and the more equal distribution of wealth is secured. (George Allen.)

